



image

61  
MAY

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



Capilla

McFARLANE



**image**® **COMICS PRESENTS:**

# "SANCTUARY"



story

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Dedicated to  
**Mark Dippé**

## Spawn #60 Summary:

While the police search Spawn's alleys looking for Cyan's kidnapper, Jason Wynn directs a surveillance of his own on Terry with orders to find out why the police are looking for him. He then finds Cyan and the clown who taunts him into a battle. After Spawn uses up a portion of his energy to destroy the Clown, he returns Cyan to her parents.

**FOR IMAGE COMICS**  
**LARRY MARDER - Executive Director**

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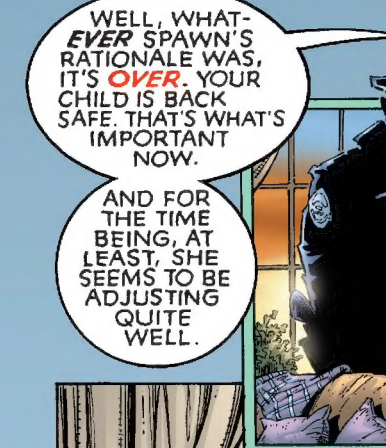
UNFORTU-  
NATELY,  
MS. BLAKE, WE  
DON'T HAVE ANY  
MORE ANSWERS  
THAN **YOU** DO.



I  
LEARNED  
A LONG  
TIME  
AGO...

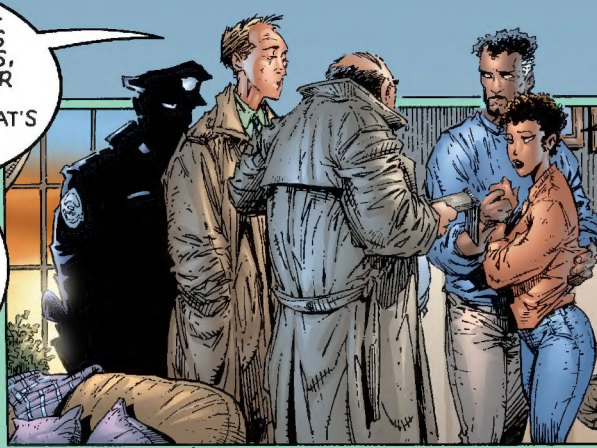


...THAT  
LOGIC DOESN'T  
PLAY A BIG PART  
WHEN YOU'RE  
DEALING WITH  
**PSYCHOS.**

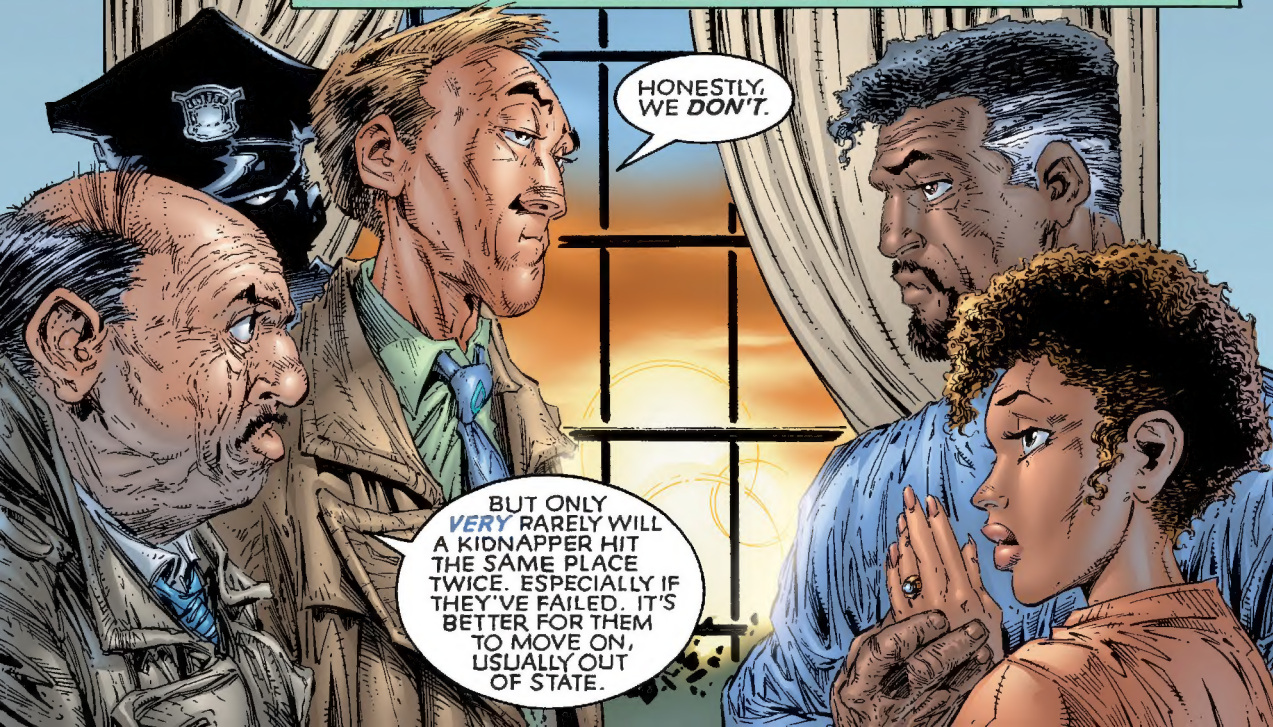


WELL, WHAT-  
**EVER** SPAWN'S  
RATIONALE WAS,  
IT'S **OVER**. YOUR  
CHILD IS BACK  
SAFE. THAT'S WHAT'S  
IMPORTANT  
NOW.

AND FOR  
THE TIME  
BEING, AT  
LEAST, SHE  
SEEMS TO BE  
ADJUSTING  
QUITE  
WELL.



SO HOW  
DO WE KNOW  
HE WON'T  
COME BACK  
**AGAIN?**



HONESTLY,  
WE **DON'T**.

BUT ONLY  
**VERY** RARELY WILL  
A KIDNAPPER HIT  
THE SAME PLACE  
TWICE. ESPECIALLY IF  
THEY'VE FAILED. IT'S  
BETTER FOR THEM  
TO MOVE ON,  
USUALLY OUT  
OF STATE.





HOW DO YOU *KNOW* HE FAILED?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

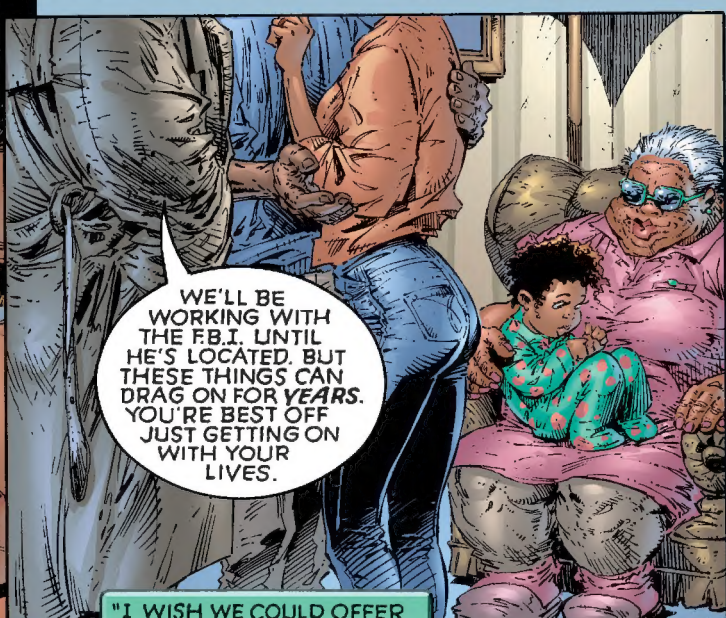
WE HAVE CYAN BACK, BUT NO ONE KNOWS *WHY* OR *HOW*.

AND THE FACT THAT YOU HAD THE HOUSE UNDER SURVEILLANCE IS NOT VERY COMFORTING SINCE HE CAN *STILL* JUST COME AND GO AT WILL.



I *UNDERSTAND* YOUR CONCERNS, BELIEVE ME. BUT SINCE YOUR CHILD IS *BACK*, OUR INVESTIGATION NOW SHIFTS TO TRACKING SPAWN DOWN...

... NOT PREVENTING HIS RETURN.



WE'LL BE WORKING WITH THE F.B.I. UNTIL HE'S LOCATED. BUT THESE THINGS CAN DRAG ON FOR *YEARS*. YOU'RE BEST OFF JUST GETTING ON WITH YOUR LIVES.

"I WISH WE COULD OFFER YOU MORE SATISFACTION. IN THE MEANTIME, YOU HAVE MY NUMBER. PLEASE FEEL FREE TO GIVE ME A CALL IF YOUR DAUGHTER'S MOOD SHIFTS DRAMATICALLY.







"I'LL PUT YOU  
IN TOUCH WITH  
PROFESSIONALS  
WHO CAN HELP."

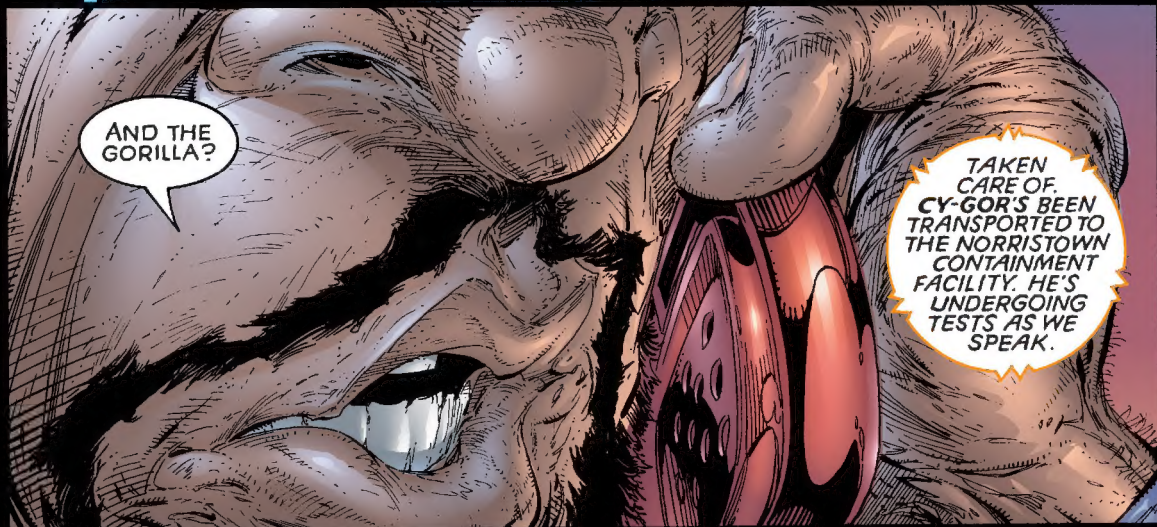
LIKE A FUNERAL PROCES-  
SION THEY DEPART, QUIETLY  
LEAVING NEARLY AS MANY  
UNANSWERED QUESTIONS  
AS WHEN CYAN FIRST  
DISAPPEARED.

THE NEIGHBORS WILL  
SOON WHIP THEMSELVES  
INTO A GOSSIPING  
FRENZY OF MISINFORMED  
SPECULATION.



THIS IS  
UNIT 612.  
COULD YOU PASS  
ON TO OFFICER  
LEETCH THAT THE  
SURVEILLANCE TEAM  
ON THE FITZGERALD  
HOUSE HAS BEEN  
DISBANDED.

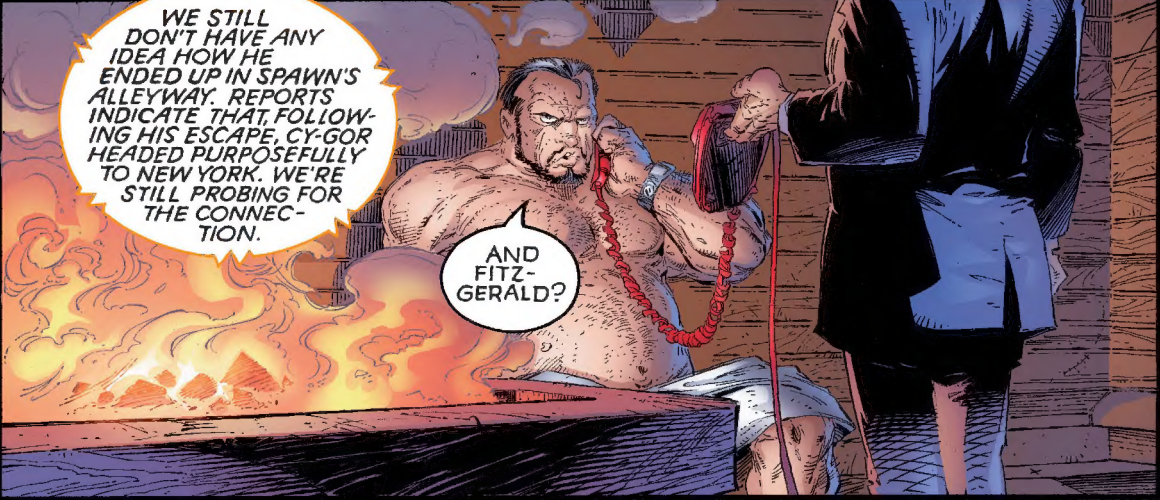
SO IS ACTIVATED A  
SECRET NETWORK  
THAT CHANNELS  
ALL CATEGORIES OF  
INFORMATION TO  
INTERESTED PARTIES.



AND THE  
GORILLA?

TAKEN  
CARE OF.  
CY-GOR'S BEEN  
TRANSPORTED TO  
THE NORRISTOWN  
CONTAINMENT  
FACILITY. HE'S  
UNDERGOING  
TESTS AS WE  
SPEAK.






WE STILL DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HE ENDED UP IN SPAWN'S ALLEYWAY. REPORTS INDICATE THAT FOLLOWING HIS ESCAPE, CY-GOR HEADED PURPOSEFULLY TO NEW YORK. WE'RE STILL PROBING FOR THE CONNECTION.

AND FITZGERALD?



HE'S WIDE OPEN. OUR CONTACTS SAY THAT YOUR PEOPLE CAN CLOSE IN WITHOUT TRIPPING OVER THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

NO MOTIVATION HAS YET BEEN DETERMINED FOR SPAWN'S ACTIONS.



THEN MAKE THAT A PRIORITY. I'M BEGINNING TO WEARY OF HOW THIS LONE MAN IS CONSISTENTLY ABLE TO MANIPULATE EVENTS TO HIS WILL.

FIND HIM. THEN MAKE HIM DIS-  
APPEAR.



YOU SEEM TO BE QUITE HOT, SIR.

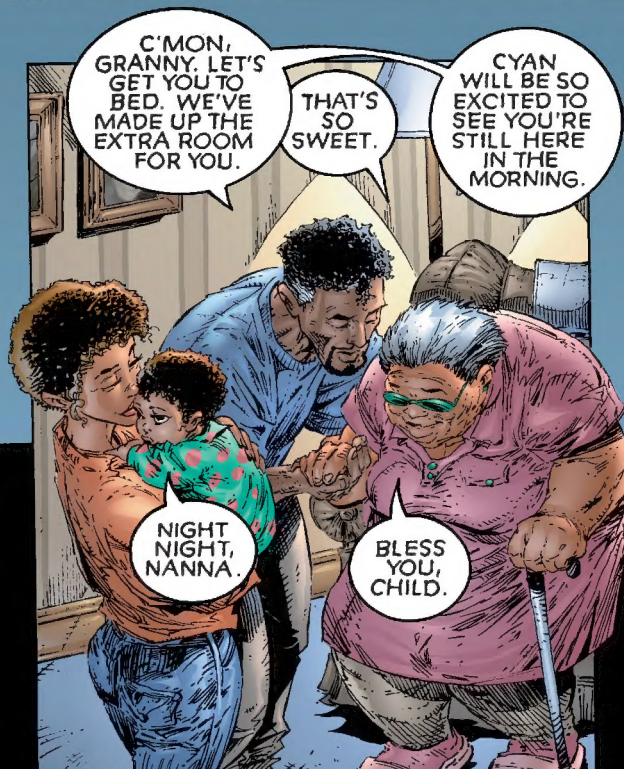
I CAN RELATE.

CLUCK





TERRY AND WANDA  
WELCOME THE THOUGHT  
OF SLEEP NOT PLAGUED  
BY ANXIOUS  
NIGHTMARES.



C'MON,  
GRANNY. LET'S  
GET YOU TO  
BED. WE'VE  
MADE UP THE  
EXTRA ROOM  
FOR YOU.

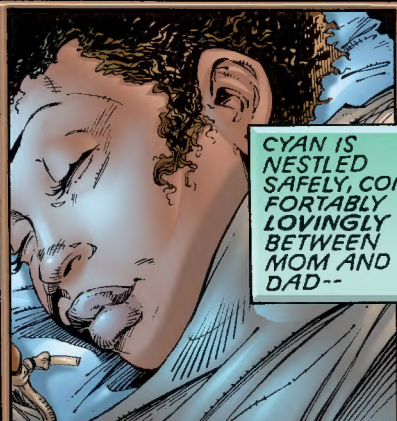
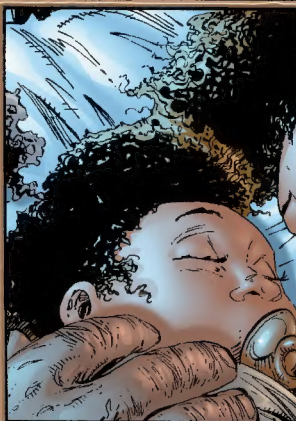
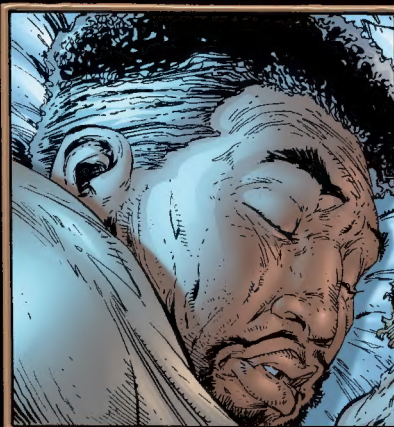
THAT'S  
SO  
SWEET.

CYAN  
WILL BE SO  
EXCITED TO  
SEE YOU'RE  
STILL HERE  
IN THE  
MORNING.

NIGHT  
NIGHT,  
NANNA.

BLESS  
YOU,  
CHILD.

AFTER TOO MANY RESTLESS  
NIGHTS, A SENSE OF  
NORMALITY HAS BEEN  
RESTORED TO THE  
HOUSEHOLD.



CYAN IS  
NESTLED  
SAFELY, COM-  
FORTABLY  
LOVINGLY  
BETWEEN  
MOM AND  
DAD--

-- EACH A SOOTHING  
BALM TO THE EMOTIONAL  
WOUNDS THEY'VE  
ALL SUFFERED--

-- AS THEY TRY TO RECLAIM  
A HOME BRUSHED BY THE HAND OF DEATH.



ELSEWHERE  
IN THE DARK...

KRAK!

CRASH!

COLD AIR RUSHES THROUGH  
NARROW PASSAGES THAT  
SEPARATE TOWERING  
STRUCTURES. HIDDEN WITHIN  
THESE SPACES ARE OUTCASTS  
OF SOCIETY TRYING TO MAKE  
THEMSELVES INVISIBLE AMID  
THE SHADOWS.

OUR HERO HAS NOW  
STAKED A CLAIM FOR  
HIS TURF.

SO THIS  
IS WHERE  
YOU'VE  
COME TO  
HIDE NOW.

ALONG  
WITH PIECES  
OF YOUR  
DESTRUCTION.

IT'S A  
REMINDER OF  
THE HELL I'M  
NOW LIVING. AND  
A WARNING TO  
MY ENEMIES.

SO TELL  
ME, WHY ARE  
YOU HERE, COG?  
I DON'T LIKE BEING  
FOLLOWED.





BECAUSE **SOMEONE** NEEDS TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE **TRUE** FACE OF YOUR ENEMY LOOKS LIKE.

THOUGH YOU MAY BELIEVE OTHERWISE, VIOLATOR ISN'T DEAD. NO MATTER **WHAT** MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO ITS HUMAN FORM.\*

THERE IS **ONE** PROPER WAY TO KILL A DEMON... WHICH, OBVIOUSLY, YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED.

JUST AS WITH THAT **ANGEL** YOU BELIEVED VANQUISHED, THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE.

**LOOK,** OLD MAN. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR MUMBO JUMBO. RIGHT NOW, THOUGH, YOU AND I ARE DUE FOR A **GOOD LONG TALK.**

\* LAST ISSUE--  
TOWN.



SO, NOW WHAT?

NOW I GET MY **POUND OF FLESH.** BEFORE CLOWN POPPED UP I WAS ON MY WAY TO WIPE OUT WYNN... AND AFTER THAT, CHAPEL.





YOU'RE JUST TRIGGERING A DOMINO EFFECT BY BELIEVING THEIR LIES.

WHAT? THAT CHAPEL WASN'T ACTUALLY MY KILLER? CLOWN ALREADY FED ME THAT ONE.

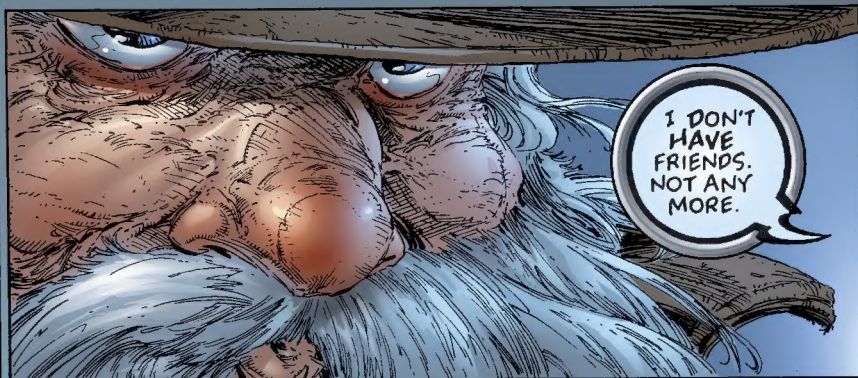


WELL, HE WAS RIGHT.

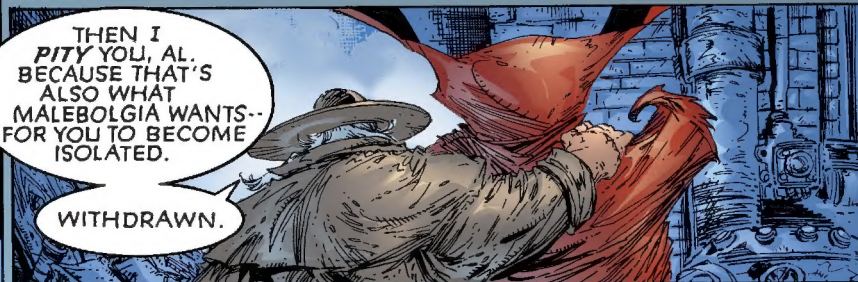
MIND MANIPULATION IS ONE OF THE WAYS HELL KEEPS YOU OFF-BALANCE. YOU'RE EASIER TO **CONTROL** IF YOU'RE NOT FOCUSED.

IF YOU WANT TO RETREAT AND THEN ATTACK AGAIN, *FINE*. BUT DON'T RUN OUT ON THOSE HOMELESS FOOLS WHO CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND.

THEY DESERVE BETTER.



I DON'T HAVE FRIENDS. NOT ANY MORE.



THEN I *PITY* YOU, AL. BECAUSE THAT'S ALSO WHAT MALEBOLGIA WANTS-- FOR YOU TO BECOME ISOLATED.

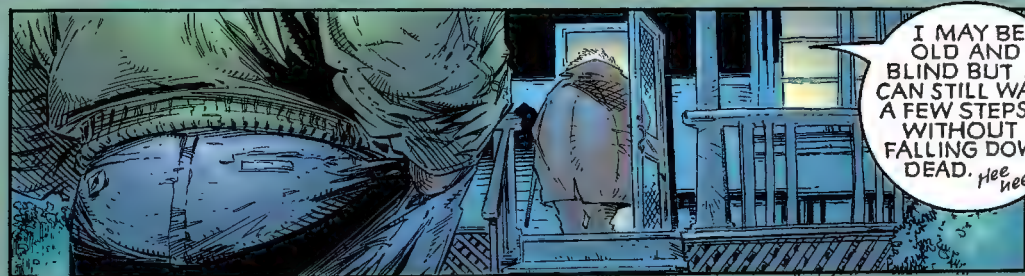
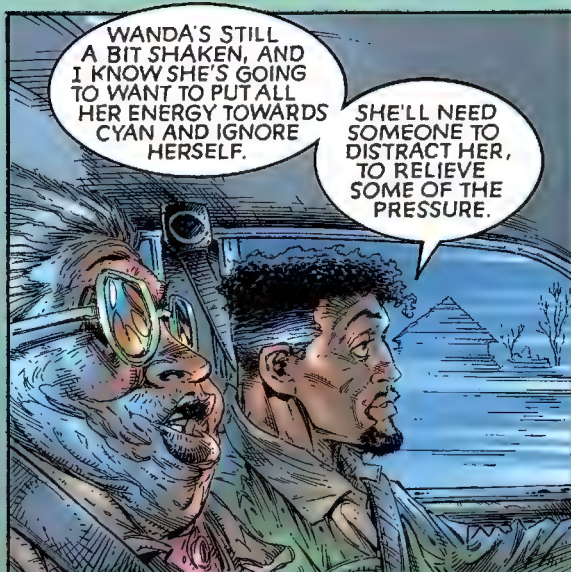
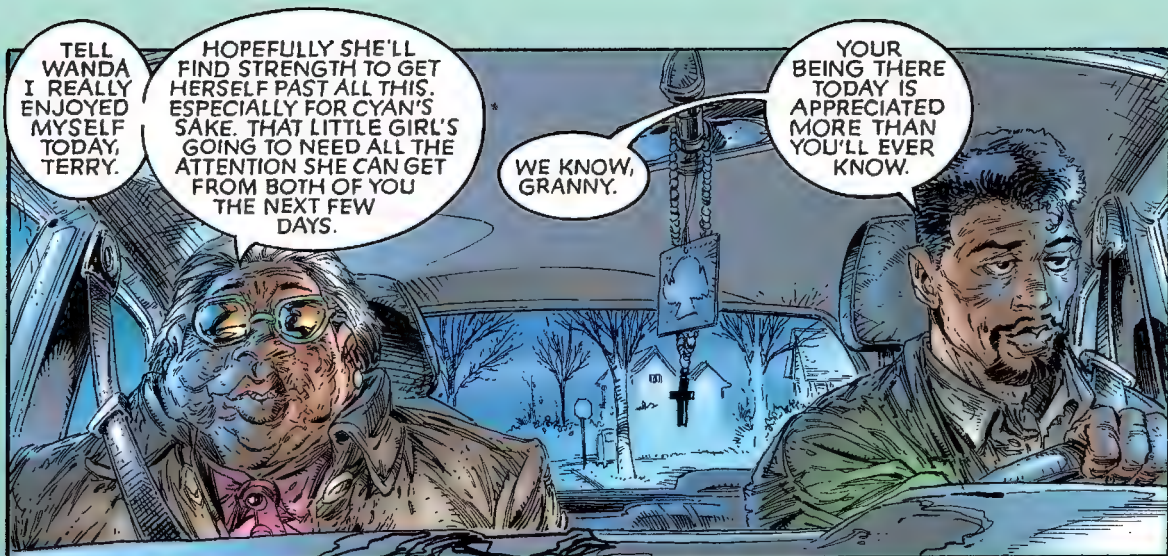
WITHDRAWN.



WELL, *ENJOY* YOUR SOLITUDE AND YOUR NEW FRIENDS HERE, BESIDES BEING THE CARRIERS OF MAN'S SINS, THEY'VE ALSO BEEN KNOWN TO DRAIN ONE'S *SOUL*.

BUT I GUESS YOU ALREADY *KNOW* THAT.





BEFORE THE DOOR IS FULLY OPENED, THE ELDERLY WOMAN SENSES SOMETHING.

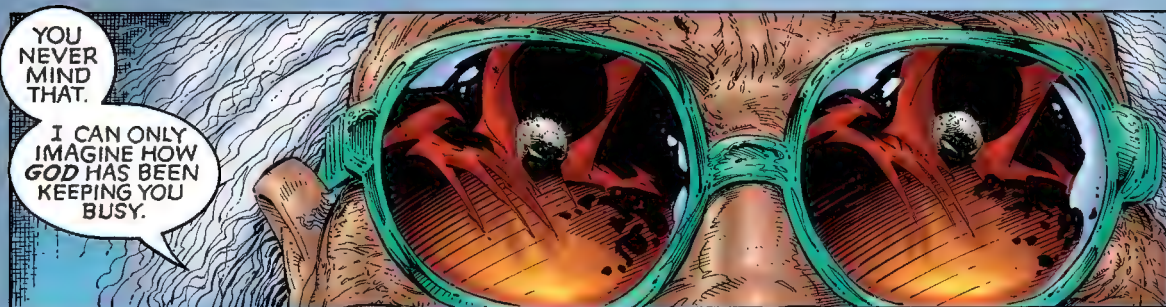


ALooo?

IT'S NICE  
TO HAVE YOU  
VISITING  
AGAIN.

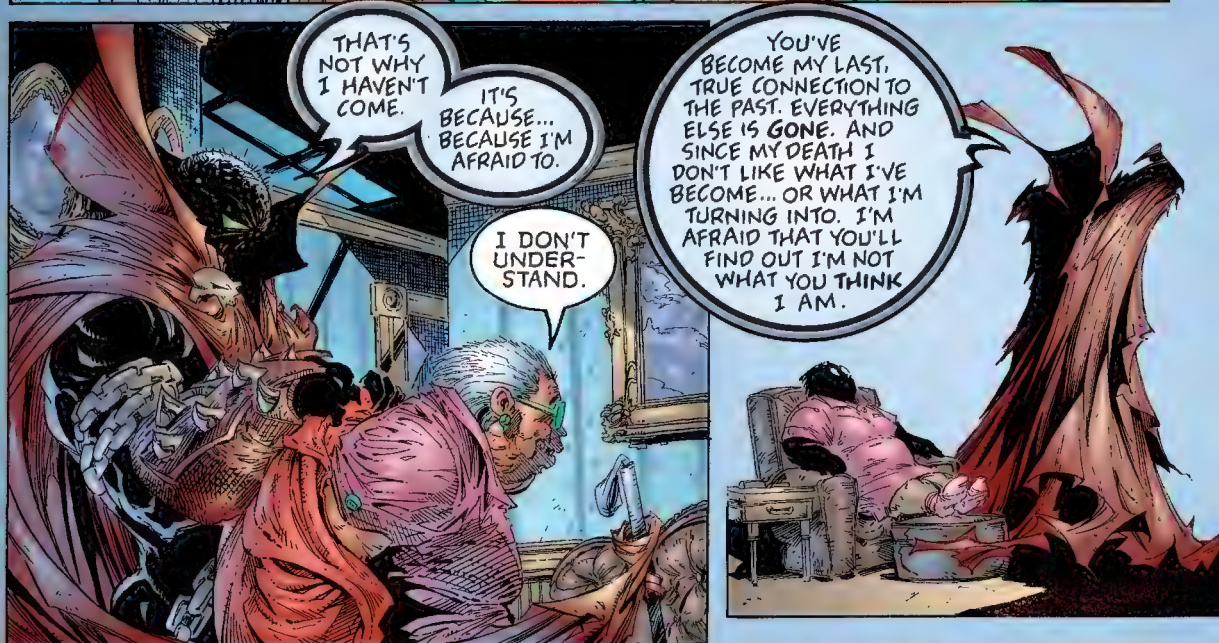
I'M  
SORRY IT'S  
BEEN SO  
LONG.





YOU  
NEVER  
MIND  
THAT.

I CAN ONLY  
IMAGINE HOW  
GOD HAS BEEN  
KEEPING YOU  
BUSY.



THAT'S  
NOT WHY  
I HAVEN'T  
COME.

IT'S  
BECAUSE...  
BECAUSE I'M  
AFRAID TO.

I DON'T  
UNDER-  
STAND.

YOU'VE  
BECOME MY LAST,  
TRUE CONNECTION TO  
THE PAST. EVERYTHING  
ELSE IS GONE. AND  
SINCE MY DEATH I  
DON'T LIKE WHAT I'VE  
BECOME... OR WHAT I'M  
TURNING INTO. I'M  
AFRAID THAT YOU'LL  
FIND OUT I'M NOT  
WHAT YOU THINK  
I AM.



I ALREADY  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
ARE, CHILD-- *AN*  
*ANGEL*. SOMEONE  
WHO WATCHES  
OVER US IN OUR  
TIME OF NEED.  
WHO HELPS  
EASE OUR  
BURDENS.

THAT MUST BE  
A GREAT HARDSHIP,  
BUT HEAVEN ONLY  
CHOSES THOSE  
WHO HAVE A STRONG  
WILL... AND A GOOD  
HEART.

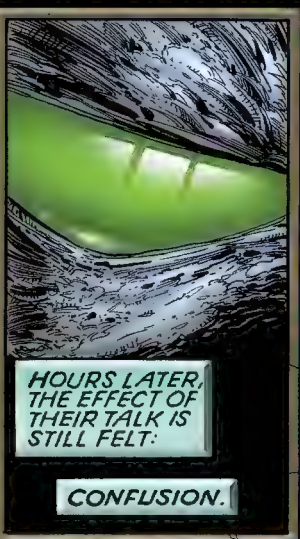
STILL, HE  
CAN'T CONTROL  
OUR *GUILT*. THAT'S  
OURS TO KEEP. YOU  
JUST HAVE TO  
LEARN HOW TO  
LET THAT GO.

I'M  
TRYING.







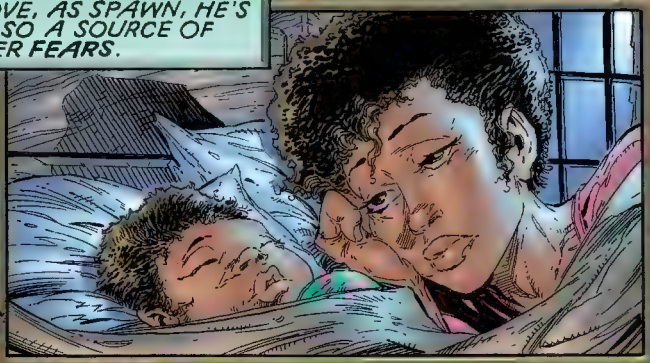


HOURS LATER,  
THE EFFECT OF  
THEIR TALK IS  
STILL FELT:

CONFUSION.

FOR THOUGH  
GRANNY'S VIEWS  
BORE THEIR USUAL  
WISDOM, THEY  
WERE COUPLED  
WITH A TELLING OF  
THE "FACTS" OF  
CYAN'S KIDNAPPING.

HE MUST SOMEHOW  
DEAL WITH THE FACT  
THAT, BESIDES BEING  
A FOCUS FOR WANDA'S  
LOVE, AS SPAWN, HE'S  
ALSO A SOURCE OF  
HER FEARS.



BAM  
BAM  
BAM



HER  
HATRED.

CRUL  
BAM  
BAM  
BAM  
OW!  
DAMMIT!  
SCRAAP  
BAM  
BAM



KRIK  
KRAK  
**SPLAT!**

oops!

**BAM-  
BAM**

THE FINAL  
PIECE IS LAID  
TO REST,  
SILENCING THE  
CHAOTIC NOISE  
OF THE PAST  
FEW HOURS.

**KRUNK  
KLINK**

HOURLY BY HOURLY THEY LIVE,  
NEVER KNOWING WHERE  
THE NEXT MEAL WILL BE  
FOUND OR HOW THE  
ELEMENTS WILL BATTER  
THEM. MOMENTS LIKE  
THIS ARE RARE. THE  
DISCOVERY OF PURPOSE  
IN THEIR LIVES, HOW-  
EVER MEAGER, IS SOME-  
THING THAT DOESN'T  
HAPPEN OFTEN.

SO WHO'S TO BLAME  
THEM FOR INDULGING  
THEMSELVES--


--CONGRATULATING  
ONE ANOTHER ON THE  
TWISTED CONSTRUCT--  
THEIR MASTERWORK--  
TO THE POINT WHERE  
THEY'RE COMPLIMEN-  
TING EACH OTHER'S  
COMPLIMENTS.

SAVORING THE  
MOMENT LIKE THE  
TASTE OF A NINE  
DOLLAR BOTTLE  
OF WINE.

GOD  
DAMN  
IT! WHAT THE  
HELL  
IS GOING  
**ON!**  
HERE?!








I LEFT FOR  
A REASON. CAN'T  
YOU GUYS GET THAT  
THROUGH YOUR HEADS?  
I CAN'T BE INVOLVED  
WITH YOU ANY MORE,  
BECAUSE WITH EVERY-  
ONE GUNNING FOR MY  
ASS, YOU'RE SAFER  
NOT KNOWING  
WHERE I AM.

JEEZ,  
AL. WE  
DIDN'T  
MEAN ANY-  
THING.



IT'S JUST THAT COGLIO-  
STRO SAID YOU MIGHT BE  
LOOKING FOR SOME  
COMPANY. SO WE  
KINDA COAXED THE  
DIRECTIONS OUT  
OF HIM.

WELL,  
HE WAS  
WRONG.



YEAH.

MAYBE  
HE WAS, BUT  
IF YOU'RE  
WORRIED ABOUT  
THE COPS, YOU  
KNOW *WE*  
WOULDN'T RAT  
ON YOU.

AND WE  
SURE AS HECK  
WOULDN'T LEAVE  
WITHOUT TELLING  
ANYONE. YOU KNOW  
WE ALL ACCEPT THAT  
YOU'RE A SPECIAL  
CASE, SO WE'LL  
**OVERLOOK** THAT.  
BUT YOU **STILL**  
NEED FRIENDS.

AND FRIENDS  
LIKE TO DO FAVORS.  
SO WE THOUGHT  
YOU COULD USE  
ANOTHER  
**LAZY-BOY**  
**CHAIR.**





DOESN'T HAVE AS MANY BODY PARTS AS THE LAST ONE, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO.

GO ON! TRY IT.

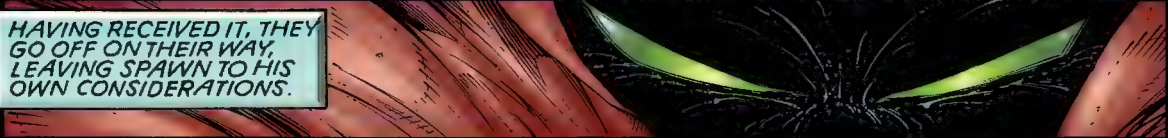


IT'S FINE.

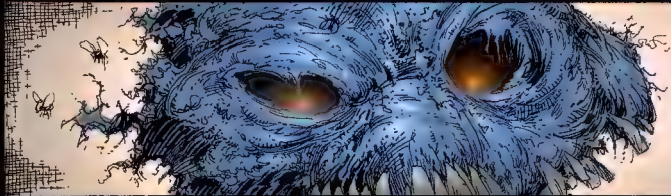


THEIR KING APPROVES.

THIS SIMPLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS ALL THEY WANTED.



HAVING RECEIVED IT, THEY GO OFF ON THEIR WAY, LEAVING SPAWN TO HIS OWN CONSIDERATIONS.

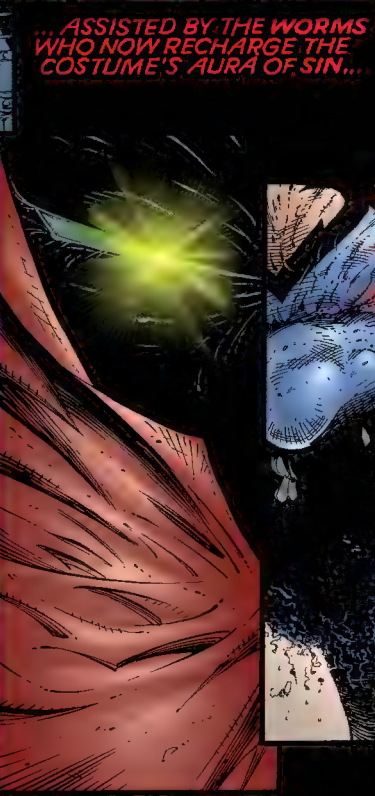


TIME BECOMES MEANINGLESS...

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT.



... AS NECROFLESH AND LIVING TISSUE OPEN UP TO THE RITUAL OF REBIRTH.



... ASSISTED BY THE WORMS WHO NOW RECHARGE THE COSTUME'S AURA OF SIN...

... SLOWLY POURING THEIR ESSENTIAL EVIL OVER THE SYMBIOTE LIKE SOME GHOSTLY SYRUP.



REALITY AND ILLUSION BECOME BLURRED.



THE UNIFORM'S  
HOST LAPSES  
INTO A BIZARRE,  
COMA-LIKE STATE.

WHAT'CHA  
THINK, SPAWN?  
HOW DOES IT *FEEL*  
TO BE COMPLETELY  
AT THE MERCY  
OF OTHERS?

YOU  
CONTROL  
**NOTHING** ANY-  
MORE. THOUGH, TO  
SOME DEGREE, YOU  
NEVER *DID*. THE SEED  
OF YOUR WORTH-  
LESSNESS WAS  
PLANTED LONG AGO,  
WHILE YOU WERE  
STILL IN YOUR  
MOMMA'S  
**BELLY.**


YOU  
PLAYED  
AT BEING  
SOME PATHETIC  
**PATRIOT.**  
THAT DIDN'T  
WORK.

IT ONLY  
BROKE  
YOUR WIFE'S  
HEART.

AND THE  
ONES YOU  
BLAME FOR  
YOUR DEATH?  
**FEH. LIKE YOU--  
PUPPETS.**

AND HELL  
PULLS  
**ALL THOSE**  
STRINGS, ANY  
WAY WE SEE  
**FIT.**





YOU'RE  
ONLY  
WHAT WE  
**ALLOW**  
YOU TO BE.  
NOTHING  
MORE.

YOUR  
"MEMORIES"?

"YOUR"  
THOUGHTS?

**WE** GAVE THOSE  
TO YOU. SOME-  
TIMES, THEY'RE  
**REAL**. MOST TIMES,  
THEY'RE NOT.

LET'S TRY AN **EASY** ONE,  
LIKE... WHO **ACTUALLY**  
KILLED YOU... ?

WAS IT  
**WYNN?**

WAS IT  
**CHAPEL?**

DEATH HAS **MANY**  
**FACES**, OLD PAL,  
AND JUST BECAUSE  
YOU **BELIEVE** SOME-  
THING TO BE, THAT  
DOES NOT MAKE  
IT SO.

WHO WAS IT, SPAWN?  
WHO **BURNED** YOU?  
WHO **TORCHED**  
YOUR **SORRY**

**LITTLE ASS INTO**  
**OBLIVION?!!**





AND EVEN IF I  
*GIVE* YOU A CLUE,  
HOW CAN YOU BE  
SURE IT'S NOT A  
*DREAM*?

JUST LIKE *ME*.  
AM I *DEAD*?  
DID YOU *KILL* ME?  
DO YOU REALLY  
THINK TWO SUCH  
CHILDREN, BORN  
IN THE DARKEST  
DEPTHS OF HELL,  
CAN EVER BE  
SEPARATED?

WE'RE  
*CONNECTED*.  
JUST LIKE  
YOU AND YOUR  
SYMBIOTE.

SOMEONE WHO EMBRACES  
EVIL TO ITS *FULLEST*. WHO  
*LUSTS* FOR POWER AND  
PRESTIGE. AND WHO IS, IN  
FACT, JUST *ANOTHER* OF  
OUR COUNTLESS PLAY-  
THINGS ON EARTH.

WE CONTROL  
*HER* AS WE  
CONTROL *YOU*.  
AS WE WILL  
SOMEDAY  
CONTROL  
*WANDA*.

*SHE* IS OUR  
**PRIZE!**  
--NOT *YOU*. THE  
ANSWER LIES  
WITH *HER*.



"SHE'S WHAT  
HELL'S AFTER  
AND YOU ARE  
LEADING US  
TO HER.  
HAHAHAHA  
HAA"

SO ANOTHER PIECE  
OF SPAWN'S UNHOLY  
TAPESTRY IS WOVEN--

--AND HIDDEN  
WITHIN ITS DESIGN,  
A FEW MORE  
ANSWERS--

-- WHILE, HIDDEN IN THE  
BACKGROUND, THE  
POSSIBILITY OF A  
THOUSAND NEW QUESTIONS.

OUR HERO FEELS  
FORCED INTO AN  
ABYSS OF PAIN  
AND TURMOIL. ANY  
THOUGHT OF  
REDEMPTION  
SEEMS A DELUDED  
FANTASY. YET,  
HE HOPES FOR  
RELEASE.

THE OTHERS ARE  
LEFT HELPLESS  
BUT TO WATCH  
FOR THE  
OUTCOME.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE